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A SELECTION

OF THE

MOST NATIONAL AND POPULAR

OF

MOORE'S MELODIES

With Translation in Irish

BY

THE LATE MOST REV. JOHN MACHALE
ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM

EDITED BY T. O. RUSSELL
WITH AN APPENDIX

Dublin
M. H. GILL & SON
London
DAVID NUTT, 270 AND 271 STRAND.
1899

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PREFACE.

Now that the idea of resuscitating the Irish Language seems to have taken a firm hold on the Irish race at home and abroad, and that its wondrous adaptability for vocal purposes has become known, a fairly correct edition of the most popular of Moore's "Melodies," translated into Irish by Archbishop MacHale, is sorely wanted. Of all the books that have ever been printed in Irish, Archbishop MacHale's translation of the "Melodies" was one of the most unfortunate. Every edition of it that has been published in Ireland and in America, teems with so many typographical errors as to be absolutely useless to the generality of readers of Irish. It is said on good authority that the Archbishop never corrected any of the proofs; that he left their correction to some person or persons who were either incompetent or careless. That the Archbishop was an excellent Gaelic scholar there cannot be any doubt at all. No man of his time had a better knowledge of the modern Irish language than he had; but his reputation as an Irish scholar has suffered owing to the extreme carelessness with which his translations of the "Melodies" and of "Homer" were printed.

The Irish versions of the most popular and most national of the melodies are given in this edition. Beautiful as they all are, some of them are rarely sung and not generally known. To give all of them that have been translated into Irish by Archbishop MacHale would be to make this book so large that it could not be sold at a price that would enable the Irish-reading public in general to buy it

In this edition of the Irish version of the "Melodies" the original text of Archbishop MacHale has been followed as closely as possible. Very few changes have been made beyond the correction of manifest blunders of the printer. In a few cases words that contained too many syllables, and that spoiled the metre, have been replaced by shorter ones; and, in one or two instances, words that the editor could not find in any Irish dictionary and that seemed unknown to Irish speakers, have been replaced by words in general use.

Some so-called Irish scholars have objected to Archbishop MacHale's Irish version of the "Melodies," because he generally uses perfect rhyme instead of assonance. They say that his Irish is English in its *tournure*, and that he uses English metre. Those so-called Irish scholars should remember that early Irish poetry is generally written in rhyme, and that the Irish are generally acknowledged to have been the first of the European nations that used rhyme. Here is a verse from St. Fiacc's hymn in praise of St. Patrick, that is probably as old a specimen of Irish as exists, for St. Fiacc was a contemporary of St. Patrick. The poem will be found in the "Liber Hymnorum":—

> Ro bo cobhair do'n Eirin tichtu Pátraic forochladh;
> Ro clos cian son a gharma macraidhe coille Fochladh.
> Gadhatar co tissad in noebh, ar a n-imthisedh lethu,
> Ar a [d] tintarradh ó chloen tuatha Erenn do bhethu.

A help to Ireland was Patrick's coming which was expected;
Far away the children of Fochla's wood heard the sound of his call.
They prayed that the Saint would come, that he would walk among them,
That he would convert from iniquity the tribes of Ireland unto life.

Of the seventeen quatrains in the poem from which above verse is taken, there are only three in which perfect rhyme is not found. Here are more instances of perfect rhyme from the "Battle of Ross na Righ," recently translated by the Rev. E. Hogan, S.J., from the Book of Leinster:—

Dá tora Ri Macha,
Saifither a dhatha,
Claifither a ratha,
Tairmfithir a bhrigh.

Dá torset ár sluagh-ni,
Tinólfaidher uanni,
Bidh condalbh in chúani
I fir-catha can.

If the King of Macha come,
His colors will be turned back,
His fortunes will be overcome,
His might will be lowered.

If our bands arrive,
A muster will be made by us,
There will be rivalry of the fighting band
For real combats.

If anyone were to write Irish verse now in such metre and in such perfect rhyme, some of our modern Gaelic *savants* would say that he was following modern English custom and adopting English metre. Father Hogan, the translator of the last verses given, says that they "would go very well to the tune of 'Go where Glory waits Thee.'"

It is a curious and lamentable fact that some of our Irish small *literati*—obscure writers in magazines and newspapers, and still more obscure poetasters—seem to take delight in decrying Moore, and in endeavouring to show that his claims to be considered a great poet are very slight; and some of our Gaelic would-be *savants* say that Archbishop MacHale's translations of the "Melodies" are un-Irish in metre and form. What Lord John Russell says in his "Life of Moore" about that poet's lyrics—namely, that "never has the English language been made to utter such melody" as in them—will be answer enough to the poetasters. This, coming from an Englishman who was not friendly to Ireland, is an extraordinary tribute to the genius of Moore. To the unthinking and unlearned few who say that Archbishop MacHale's Irish version of the "Melodies" is not Gaelic in form or metre, it need only be said that the metre of "Eileen Aroon" and of "Kitty Tyrrell," two of the most ancient of our folk-songs the original Irish words of which have been preserved, is exactly the same in the original Irish as in Archbishop MacHale's Irish and in Moore's English. The English name of the song "Eileen Aroon" is "Erin, the Tear and the Smile in thine Eye," and of "Kitty Tyrrell" "Blame not the Bard." If it can be said that the English language has never been made to utter such melody as in the lyrics of Moore, it can be as safely said that never has the Irish language been made to utter more melody than in Archbishop MacHale's translation of them.

Archbishop MacHale's translation of the "Melodies" is classic Irish. There is hardly a trace of dialect in it. It is, substantially, the language of Keating, O'Molloy, O'Donnell, and other Irish writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and would be better understood all over Ireland to-day than would any of the modern corrupt dialects into which Irish has split since it ceased to be written or spoken by educated men. It would be well for the Irish language if some of those who write it at present would use the Irish of Archbishop MacHale.

T. O. R.

A SELECTION OF THE MOST NATIONAL AND POPULAR

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MOORE'S MELODIES

WITH TRANSLATION IN IRISH.

AḊRÁIN AR EIRINN.

MEAḊRUIĠIḊ CAIṪRÉIM ḂRIAIN, LE'R ĠNÁṪAĊ BUAIḊ.

Fonn—Máire ni h-Alpin.

I.

Meaḃruiġiḋ caiṫréim Ḃriain, le'r ġnáṫaċ buaiḋ,
Giḋ tá laeṫe an ġairgiḋ 'na luiḋe,
Giḋ caillte do Ṁhúṁain é 'gus sínte 'san uaiġ,
'S naċ ḃ-fillfiḋ go Ceann-coraḋ a ċoiḋ':
An reult úd na faiṫ' scap solus naċ raiḃ fann
Ar a g-caṫ, tá 'nois baiṫte fá ċeó;
Aċt tá leór-rúin d'a loċrann ag lasaḋ ar gaċ lann,
Le n-ár d-treórugaḋ ċum treise ann gaċ gleó.

II.

A Ṁúṁan, 'nuair do bronaḋ ort le féile neaṁ-ġann
Gaċ maise, gaċ aille, a's gaċ seun,
Ar saoileaḋ go ḃ-fuiġfiḋe ar sliaḃ no a ngleann
Lorg fuaṫṁar oirc foirneartṁair déin ·—
Biḋeaḋ ag an Loċlanaċ séanas, cinnte fíor
Go d-troidfimid fá saoirse go treun,
'S gur fearr do ḃeiṫ bliaḋanta faoi ċréaċda', go saor,
'Ná táṁ uaire a slaḃraiḃ faoi leun.

III.

Ná dearmadaiḋ na có-laoċra dílse, ṫug toil
Ḃeiṫ fastuiġṫe go calmaċ 'sa ngleó;
Giḋ ḃí caonaċ an ġleanna dearg le n-a ḃ-fuil,
Níor ṫeiṫeadar, aċt ṫuiteadar d'éis cloḋ'.*
An ġrian tá d'ár soillsiúġaḋ, do ċonairc iad 'na luiḋe
Ar ḃáinseaċaiḃ Orruiḋe fá lár,
Ná biḋeaḋ smúid air, ná brat-ḃróin anoċt ag dul faoi,
Fá gur ṫuiteadar gan cúitiuġaḋ san ár.

---

* *Clódh*, victory.

SONGS OF ERIN.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

Air—Molly Macalpin.

I.

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
  Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho' lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,
  He returns to Kincora no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
  Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
  To light us to victory yet!

II.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
  Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
  The footstep of slavery there?
No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
  Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
  Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

III.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
  In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
  They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
  Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
  To find that they fell there in vain!

’ĊRUIT ANSA MO ṪÍRE.

Fonn—Langolí.

I.

Ċruit ansa mo ṫíre, a sgáile ḃí sínte,
Ḃí fuar-ċuing na tosda ort fáisgṫe go teann;
Do ṫóg mé as geiḃeal, d’ éis do ċuiḃreaċ ḃeiṫ sgaoilte,
Ar do ṫeudaiḃ sgeiṫ gaeṫe, a’s soluis saor-rann.
Ḃí fuaim sundaċ feaṫa* do b’ aeriġe ’s buḋ ḃinne
Ag dúsaċt do ṫeuda ḃí suanṁar, ċum ceóil;
Aċt ḃíḋis ċó neaṁ-eólgaċ ar ṡuarcas ’s ar luinne
Go m-briseann an brón tré do luaṫġáir go fóill.

II.

Slán agus beannaċt le do ḃinn-gaeṫiḃ, ’ċruit ċrom,
So an dlaoiġ déiġionaċ dánta do ḋéanfam’ a ḋealḃ;
Téiḋ, a’s codail faoi sgáil lonnraiġ gáirde ar do ṡuan trom,
Go ḃ-fáġaid meura níos stuama ar do ṫeudaiḃ ċiuin’, sealḃ.
Má ḃí croiḋe gaisgiġ treunṁair, tír-ġráḋaiġ, nó suarcṡaoi,
’G a g-corruġaḋ ag eisdeaċt le seinm ár n-dán,
Ní raiḃ annam-sa aċt oiteóg neaṁ-ḃrioġṁar na luaṫ-ġaoiṫ’,
Agus uait-se do ṫáinic an fuaim ḃinn aṁáin.

---

* *Feath*, learning, skill, harmony.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Air—New Langolee.

I.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

III.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go,—sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

DO CONNAIRC AR MAIDIN.

Fonn—Moll.

I.

Do ċonnairc ar maidin, ar an muir d'éis a líonta,
An long ḃreáġ faoi ḟeóltaiḃ go h-áluinn ag snáṁ:
Do ḋearcas arís,—a's an ġrian tar éis claonta—
Ḃí an long ar an gaineaṁ, 's an tuile 'néis tráġaḋ.

II.

Súd rompla ár muinnir' a's ár ṁearḃall na baoise;
Mar súd euluiġeas laeṫe ár sláinte 's ár féin;
Bíḋeann na tonna, ar ar rinceaḋ, d'ár d'tréigsin teaċtaoise,
'S d'ár b-fágáil tráṫnóna ar an tráiġ báin linn féin.

III.

Ná tráċt liom ar ċéim, nó ar ċeannas ag foillsiuġaḋ
Gleann dorċa ár n-oiḋċe, mar ḟáṁ-ḟolus ré,
Aċt taḃair ḋam gaoṫa úra na maidne ag foillsiuġaḋ
An duḃáin níos áille 'na loċrann luiḋe lae.

IV.

Cia ar naċ m-beiḋeaḋ cúṁa 'n-diaiġ am ud na dile,
Raiḃ súḃailce an ċumann ċuir bláṫ ar a ḃár;
'S a ċroiḋe mar ċrann úr áluinn coille faoi ḃile,
Sgeiṫ d'a ḋóiġ deaġ-ḃalaḋ ó'n t-súġ tré n-a lár.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

Air—Miss Molly.

I.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters, move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

II.

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

III.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night:—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Ev'ning's best light.

IV.

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life though his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

ḂI CINNTE GIḊ FÁGṪA TÁIR.

Fonn—Caisleán Tír-eoin.

I.

Ḃi cinnte giḋ fágṫa táir, ċó fad 's beiḋ mé beó,
Naċ n-eulóċaiḋ do ċumann as mo ċroiḋe stiġ go deó;
Níos dílse faoi ṫrom-ḃrón, faoi ḋuiḃe, 's faoi ḟian,
'Na tírṫe is teagraiġe ar a soillsiġeann an ġrian.

II.

Dá m-beiḋṫeá mar b' ait liom, mór, árd, saor, a ġráḋ,
Dé 'n ṁuir, sgaiṫ na seóide, de 'n tír, sgaiṫ na m-bláṫ,
Do ċuṁáċta buḋ réiṁeaċ liom féin ḃeiṫ 'g a luaḋ,
Aċt mo ċionn ort, ni ṁeudóċaḋ do ċéim no do ṫuaḋ.*

III.

Ag teaċt, le geur-ċuiḃre, de d'ḟuil go tiúġ, teann,
'S é ḟoillsiġeas an cúram níos teagaraiġe do ċlann;
Mar an t-ál anns an ḃ-fásac 's a nead teagraċ teó,
'G a g-congḃáil le fuil bronn a máṫar fíor-ḃeó.

TRÉ ḂRÓN 'GUS TRÉ ĠÁḂAḊ.

Fonn—Uair ḃí agam fíor-ġráḋ.

I.

Tré ḃrón 'gus tré ġáḃaḋ, lonruiġ do smig mo ḟliġe,
Gur sgeiṫ dóiġ ar gaċ dreisóig, mo ṫimċioll ḃí 'nna luiḋe:
D'a duiḃe crann ar m-beaṫa, buḋ soilseaċ ḃí ár n-gráḋ,
Go raiḃ glóir ann áit náire, 'gus caon-dúraċt ann áit sgáṫ.
O! sgláḃ giḋ go raiḃ mé, ann d' uċtsa saor do ḃí,
'S ṫug beannaċt do 'n doilġios do ṁeuduiġ ḋam gean do
ċroiḋe.

---

* *Tuadh*, lordship, power.

REMEMBER THEE!

Air—Castle Tirowen.

I.

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy show'rs,
Than the rest of the world in its sunniest hours.

II.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

III.

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.

(The Irish Peasant to his Mistress.)

Air—I Once had a True Love.

I.

Thro' grief and thro' danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd ev'n the sorrows that made me more dear to thee

II.

Ḃí do ċoṁḟuiriġeaċ faoi urram 'gus tú faoi ḋíṁeas mór,
Ḃí do ċ'róin-se de ḋeilg, 's a c'róin-san de ór.
'Suiriġ sí-se a d-teampall; 's tu-sa a nguais na ngleann,
Ḃuḋ oirc iad a caraid 's do ċaraid-se 'nna sclábaiḃ fann';
Aċt b' feárr liom 'san uaiṁ ag do ċosaiḃ ḃeiṫ mo luiḋe,
'Na ḃeiṫ pósta le rud fuaṫṁar, no ag iompóḋ uait mo ċroiḋe

III.

Cia deir gur fann do ġeallta, beir ort breiṫe cruaiḋ;
Dá m-beiḋteá feallteaċ, ní gan lasaḋ ḃeiḋeaḋ do ġruaiḋ.
Deirṫear, ort ċó fad ḃí fáisgṫe cuiḃriġ trom',
Go ḃ-fuil do ċroiḋe sclábaċ claoite 'gus tú crom :
O! ná creid iad; níor ḃ' féidir le cuing ṫú do ċlaoiḋ,—
'N áit a soillsiġeann do spiorad, soillsiġeann saoirse ċoiḋċ'.

IS FAD Í Ó'N TÍR.

Fonn—Foscail an doras.

I.

Is fad í ó'n tír ḃ-fuil a h-óg-laoċ 'nn a luiḋe,
'S gan áird ar a suiriġiḃ 'g a breugaḋ;
Aċt uimpiġeann go fuar ó súiliḃ gaċ saoi,
Oir tá a croíḋe le n-a céile 'g a eugaḋ.

II.

'S iad aḃráin dutċais a tír' féin do ṡeinn,
Rinn gaċ féarsa d' ar áil leis do ṁeaṁraḋ;
O 's beag imniḋe luċt cluinte a ceólta binn,
A croíḋe ḃeiṫ 'g a ḃriseaḋ gan caḃraḋ.

II.

Thy rival was honour'd, whilst thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

III.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.
They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains,
Oh! foul is thy slander—no chain could that soul subdue—
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

Air.—Open the Door.

I.

She is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

II.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

III.

Do ṁair sé d' a rún; agus d'eug sé d'a ċríċ:
So an meud ḃí 'ga ċeangail ar talaṁ:
Ní luaṫ ġéaḃar trom-ġul a ṫíre aon sgíṫ,
'S ní ḃeiḋ fad gan a ċéile, an uaiṁ ḟalaṁ.

IV.

O déan uaiṁ ḋí 's an áit ḃ-fuil na gaeṫ' gréine siar,
'Nuair ġealleann siad máraċ glóraċ:
Ḃeiḋ 'soillsiuġaḋ ar a suan mar smígeaḋ ann iar
O n-a dil-inis féin atá brónaċ.

CÁ Ḃ-FUIL AN TRÁILL IS TÁIRE.

Fonn—Síos agus síos liom.

I.

Cá ḃ-fuil an tráill is táire*
A ngéiḃeal cruaiḋ, tuar náire,
Dá m-beiḋeaḋ ann,
Naċ d-tarnóċaḋ lann
'N áit meaṫ' faoi ċuing gan gáire?
Cia an croiḋe faoi égceart claonta,
A d' fanfaḋ lé ḃeiṫ aontaċ:
'S go m-b' aoiḃin ḋó,
Dá m-beiḋeaḋ sior-ḃeó
Ann uċt an áird-ríġ, sínte.
Slán leat, Eire!—ḃí slán
A ċaoinear ár n-ár le deóraiḃ lán.

---

* *Táir*, vile, base.

III.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

IV.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Air—Sios Agus Sios Liom.

I.

Oh! where's the slave, so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decayed it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, Erin! farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall!

II.

Ní annsa an laiḃréal fásaḋ
Tá beó gan baint, gan básuġaḋ,
'Na an dlaoiġ gan bláṫ,
A ġniḋ fleasg a's sgáṫ
D'on m-buaḋaċ, buḋ ḋual a sásuġaḋ.
Tá ár g-cos ar úr ár g-cáirde ;
'S an glas-ṁeirg' tógṫa ann áirde ;
'S iad le n-ár d-taoiḃ,
Nár ċlis a riaṁ,
'S a náṁaid róṁainn gan sáire. *
Slán leat, Éire !—bí slán
A ċaoineas ár n-ár le deóraiḃ lán.'

Ḃ' AOIḂINN AN GLEANN RÓṀAM SÍNTE.

Fonn—Cailín deas crútaḋ na m-bó.

I.

Ḃ' aoiḃinn an gleann róṁam sínte,
Ann ar fág mé mo ċéile 's mo ġráḋ,
'S ḃí mé le roiṁ imníḋe líonta
D' fág m' aigne faoi smúid a's faoi sgáṫ.
Ṫoruiġ mé an leus do ġeall m' aon-ṡearc,
Do lasaḋ, le mo ṡoillsiuġaḋ 'sa t-sliġe,
Aċt buḋ díoṁaoin, neaṁ-ḟéimaṁail mo ġeur-ḋearc,
Le linn troiméid neultaḋ na h-oiḋċ'.

* *Sáire*, purity, goodness.

II.

Less dear the laurel growing
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall.

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.
(The Song of O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni.)

Air—The Pretty Girl Milking the Cows.

I.

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp, which she told me
Should shine when her pilgrim return'd,
But, tho' darkness began to infold me.
No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

II.

Ḃí a ṡeómra a d'ionsuiġeas, gan tionól,
Ċó uaigneaċ mar uaiṁ, aċt mo ċráḋ!
Naċ sínte san uaiṁ ḃí an ḃruinneall,
'N áit euluiġte go náireaċ 'sa tráṫ.
Ḃí an ċruit ċeólṁar croċta ar an m-balla,
Le a m-breugfaḋ mo ḃrón, an ḃean óg,
Aċt an láṁ sgeiṫ a ceól tríd an ṫalla,
Tá ag criṫ ag an gcoisgriċ faoi ḟóig.

III.

Ḃí am ann, a ċeile ċam ċluaineaċ,
Dá n-déanfaiḋe an siorma buḋ lúġa,
Ag cur do leiṫ cáiliḋeaċta luaineaċ',*
Léimfeaḋ lann d' ḟir a ċosaint do ċlú:
Aċt anois, a ḃean na d-táir-sgeul 's na n-dánta,
Is truailliġe 's is tarcuisniġe cáil,
Ḃeirfear leór-ċúitiuġaḋ trom ann do ċáinte,
Tré ċreaċ a's tré ċráḋ Inse-fáil.

IV.

Ṫáinic ċeanna an ṁallact gan falaċ;
Tá na coisgriġ' is brúiḋeaṁla toil,
Déanaṁ sgrios ar ċríċ Ḟóḋla go ballaċ,
Tá a mín gleannta dearg le fuil.
Aċt forsglaiḋ an glas-ṁeirge ann áirde,
Biḋeaḋ fuilteaċ gaċ láṁ a's gaċ lann·
Tá linn-ne ceart, Éire, 's ár g-cáirde,
An agaiḋ éagcóir' na Sasanaċ teann.

---

* *Cáilidheacht luaineach*, unsteadiness of character.

II.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead;—
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

III.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought!*
While now—O degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

IV.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and guilt.

Ḃ-fuil d' óg-laeṫe seunṁar' faoi lionn-dúḃ?

Fonn—Pátraic Cluaineaċ.

I.

Ḃ-fuil d' óg-laeṫe seunṁar' faoi lionn-duḃ,
Mar ṁaidin faoi ḟlám de 'n ċeó?
'S ro luaṫ do ċuaiḋ ṫarainn-ne teann-ṡruṫ
An am', nár ġnáṫaċ brón gan sóġ.
Ḃ-fuil síonta na h-aoise géir' cruaiḋe
Teaċt ar ċroiḋe a ḃí aeraċ go leór?
Tar ċugam, a leinḃ na truaiġe,
A's silfead leat deór le deór.

II.

An aṁáil le cré Ċille-ṁantáin,*
An gean ar ar ċlaon do ċroiḋe,
A m-bíḋeann cnuċre tré sléiḃte is gleanntáin
Ag dealraḋ ann gaċ áit d'ár sliġe?
Aċt d'éis mórán saoṫair ag roṁar
Na cré 'nn a ḃ-fuil ór réir cáil',
Tá ár saoṫar gan toraḋ, gan fóġṁar,
Gan aon niḋ 'nna ḋiaiġ le fáġail.

III.

Raiḃ do ḋóiġ mar eun na soir-rioġaċt',
Dul ó ċrann go crann, 'deir an sgeul,
Ag taisbéanaḋ seóide na draoiḋeaċt'
Ḃí soillsiuġaḋ le glóir, ó n-a ḃeul?
Ar ċraoiḃ d' éis craoiḃe ag seasaṁ,
Súd ċugad a seóid ar an ngéig,
Aċt d' éis tú do ṁeallaḋ le casaḋ,
Súd uait í arís go h-eug.

---

* *Cill Mantain*, the Irish name of Wicklow.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Air—Sly Patrick.

I.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
  As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
  That even in sorrow were sweet.
Does Time, with his cold wing wither
  Each feeling that once was dear?
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
  I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

II.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
  Been like a Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
  All over the surface shine?
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
  Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
  Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

III.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
  That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory,—
  Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
  The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
  Then waft the fair gem away?

IV.

Má euluiġ mar rúd am na milse,
'Nár ḟearḃuiġ aon lá d' ár m-biṫ;
Má 's meallṫaċ sruṫ muiniġin na dilse
A lonnruiġ duḃ-neulta ár g-croiḋe:
Má 's críonta mar rúd le gaeṫiḃ cruaiḋe
Tá gaċ cáiliḋeaċt ḃí gráḋaċ go leór:
Tar ċugam, a leinḃ na truaiġe,
A's silfead leat deór le deór.

Ní raiḃ ċo failteaṁail.

Fonn—Lag an Loċa.

I.

Ní raiḃ ċó fáilteaṁail na ceólta síġe
Teaċt ar neaċ suanṁar go fóill a riaṁ,
Trá leiṫ-dúisgte as táṁ na h-oiḋċ',
Cluinear feaṫ*neaṁḋa binn le 'na ṫaoiḃ—
Do ḃris sár-ġuṫ orm 'san am raiḃ baiṫte
An croiḋe 'n mo lár faoi ṫrom-ṡlám ċeó,
Gan dóiġ go g-cluinfaiḋ an deóraiḋe cráiḋte,
Fonn ċó binn beannuiġte arís go deó.

II.

Guṫ binn na dilse, mar ċiuin-gaoṫ saṁraiḋ,
Go sáiṁ ag éaluġaḋ tré duala' cam',
A's casta sligeáin, ḃí fuaim na h-aṁara, †
'Teaċt tré gaċ cuas de m' ċroiḋe 'san am.
Ḃuḋ ic a g-cogar é, buḋ loċrann grianṁar
'Ga luaḋ; a's b'ḟeárr liom 'na an saoġal gan roinn
Mo ṫrom-táṁ fada, tá le duḃ-ḃrón lionṁar,
Ḃeiṫ briste ag ceóltaiḃ ċó beannuiġte binn.

---

* *Feath*, harmony.

† *Amhar*, harmony, music.

IV.

If thus the young hours have fleeted,
When sorrow itself look'd bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear:—
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

Air—Luggelaw.

I.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When half awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full choir of heav'n is near,—
Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

II.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!—
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken,—
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

óg-laoċ na rann.

Fonn—Móirín.

I.

Do ṫriall ċum caṫ' óg-laoċ na rann,
Lár náṁad Eireann ársaiġe;
Lann aṫar fáisgṫe air go teann,
Ann aoinḟeaċt le n-a ċláirsiġ.
"A ṫír na n-dán!" deir an laoċ-ċeóil grinn,
"Dá m-beiḋeaḋ an saoġal do d' ḋaoraḋ,
"Tá aon ċruit aṁáin le do ṁolaḋ go binn,
"'S aon lann 'ṁáin le do ḟaoraḋ."

II.

Do ṫuit an bárd! aċt má ṫuit, go fóill,
Ḃí a ċroiḋe neaṁ-eaglaċ, treunṁar,
A's raob sé teuda cláirsiġe an ċeóil
Do scuab sé, an tráṫ ḃí seunṁar:
A's dúḃairt, "Ní ṁillfiḋ cuing do ġuṫ,
A ċruit ċaoin na feaṫa* saoire;
A's ní cluinfear go h-eug do lán binn-sruṫ,
Lár bruide a's bróin na tíre."

* *Featha*, genitive of *feath*, skill, knowledge, harmony.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Air—The Moreen.

I.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
  In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
  And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
  "Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
  One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

II.

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
  Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
  For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
  "Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
  They shall never sound in slavery."

Ṫuit Lann Lonnraċ Éireann.

Fonn—Cruaċán na Féine.

I.

Ṫuit lann lonnraċ Éireann le buille luaṫ, geur-ṫiuġ
Ar an té ḃraiṫ clann Uisniġ a's ḃris geallaḋ an ríġ:
'S ní lia ḃraoin goirt gola a' falcaḋ ó'n ḃ-feall duḃ,
'Ná sgardofar ar a claiḋeaṁ ó ṡruṫ fola a ċroiḋe.

II.

Dar an dearg-ṡlám ḃí ós cionn lann-duḃ Conċoḃair ag síneaḋ,
'Nuair ḃí trí laoċra Ulaḋ a leaba fola faoi ṡuan:
Dar na treun-tonna caṫa ag borraḋ 's ag líonaḋ,
A ṡeól gaisgiḋiġ go buaḋac, 's go treiseaṁail ċum cuain—

III.

Móidiġmuid cúitiuġaḋ: ó ṡians' beiḋmid falaṁ:
Ḃíḋeaḋ an óiġ gan céile, ḃíḋeaḋ an ċruit gan ceól, fann;
Ḃíḋeaḋ an teallaċ gan suarcas, 's gan saoṫruġaḋ an talaṁ
Go g-cárnṫar trom-ḋíoġaltas anuas ar a ċeann.

IV.

A Ríġ! gíḋ gur milis ár m-baile do ṁeaḋruġaḋ;
Gíḋ gur taiṫneaṁaċ na deóra do siltear le dáiṁ: *
Gíḋ gur aoibin gaċ gean ar luċt cárdais a's caḃra,
Le díoġaltas ar ḋian-olc, ní'l aon níḋ ċó sáṁ.

---

* *Dáimh*, friendship, kindred.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

Air—Croogban na Féine.

I.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin,
On him, who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!
For ev'ry fond eye which he waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

II.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

III.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted.
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

IV.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

Guiliḋ, Guiliḋ.

Fonn—Aḃran an Ḃróin.

I.

Guiliḋ, guiliḋ, deóra a sruṫ,
Ċuaiḋ ḃur n-am ṫart mar ċeó;
Tá ḃur m-baill gan lúṫ ó ċuiḃriġ' tiuġ',
'S ní ḃéiḋ ḃur ḃ-fir níos mó!
Buḋ díoṁaoin gáisge laoċra teann,
Buḋ díoṁaoin cóṁairle ciallṁar faoi:
'S gaċ áit d'a múċtar saoirse ann,
Ní lasann arís a ċoiḋċ'.

II.

Guiliḋ: go fóill do ḋéanfar ceart,
Le stáiraiḃ Inse Fáil,
'S ar iomad eaċt do soillseóċar ceart,
Tá anois faoi smúid dúiḃ cáil';
'S ag siúḃal dóiḃ tír' do fágaḋ bán,
Ḃ-fuil an t-orc 's an tráill 'san uaiġ,
Cia an dóiġ, le iongnaḋ, fiafróċar, lán,
Fuáir díoġa ar sgaiṫ riaṁ buaiḋ?

III.

"Is cineaṁain ċruaiḋ (beiḋiḋ 'g a luaḋ),
Rinn' oige ḃur n-imris a ḃealḃ:
'S nuair ḃí ḃur náṁ dlúṫ, teann a ḃ-fuaṫ,
Níor ġlac gráḋ oraiḃ sealḃ:
Aċt d'fuaruiġ croiḋte buḋ dual ḃeiṫ teiṫ,
Ag truailliuġaḋ Dé na m-beannaċt;
'S ar ċill, do ṫaṫuiġ roinn fá leiṫ,
Do ṫaosg roinn eile mallaċt."

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Air—The Song of Sorrow.

I.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;
  Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
  And you are men no more!
In vain the Hero's heart hath bled;
  The Sage's tongue had warn'd in vain;—
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
  It never lights again!

II.

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
  They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed may wake in praise
  That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd Isle,
  Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile
  Could conquer hearts so brave.

III.

"Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,
  Your web of discord wove;
And, while your tyrants join'd in hate,
  You never joined in love.
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
  And man profaned what God hath given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
  Where others knelt to Heaven."

NÍ LEIS NA DEÓRAIḂ DO SILTEAR SA TRÁṪ.

Fonn—Na sé piġine.

I.

Ní leis na deóraiḃ do siltear sa tráṫ
A síntear é a g-cré na h-uaiṁe,
Taisbeantar teas agus téagar ár n-gráḋ,
No doiṁneas dorċa ar g-cúṁa:
Aċt le deóraiḃ ag teaċt go fíor-fras ó'n g-croiḋe,
Foillsiġtear gur buan ár smuainte
Ar an m-bás scap duiḃe ar aoiḃneas ár m-biṫ,
D'ár ḃ-fágail mar deóraiḃ claoiḋte.

II.

Ċó-fad a's beiḋeas a beaṫa glas ann ár g-croiḋe,
A's a ḃás, mar is dual, 'g a ċaoineaḋ,
Beiḋ a beusa mar loċrann sgeiṫ soluis ar ár sliġe,
'Gus ár d-toil ċum gaċ maiṫeasa ag claonaḋ—
Mar an deaġ-ḃalaḋ taiṫneaṁaċ beireas an fuiġeall
Do'n úir, a m-beiḋeann naoiṁ ann sínte,
Beiḋ a ċáiliḋeaċt ann ár g-cuiṁne gaċ lá d'ár saoġal,
'S ár g-croiḋe le n'a ioṁáiġ líonta.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

Air—The Sixpence.

I.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
  When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the soul that fled,
  Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him:
'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept,
  Through a life by his loss all shaded;
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
  When all lighter griefs have faded!

II.

Oh! thus shall we mourn; and his memory's light,
  While it shines through our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
  When we think how he lived but to love them!
And, as buried saints the grave perfume,
  Where, fadeless, they've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
  From the image he left there in dying!

ná tóg ar an ḃ-file.

Fonn—Ċaitlín Triall.

I.

Ná tóg ar an ḃ-file, má euluiġeann fá'n g-cluan,
'N a m-bíḋeann róġ-ċlaon ag fonóid faoi árd-tuaḋ go buan;
Níor ṫair ḃí dóiġ sinsear, 's le uain 'gus le tráṫ
Go clúṫaṁuil, do ḋéanfaḋ gníoṁ gáirsgiḋ gan sgáṫ;
An teud tá 'nois sínte ar an g-ceól-ċruit go fann,
Do ṡeolfaḋ a g-croiḋe náṁad an bás-gaṫ go teann;
'S an teanga naċ sileann aċt mil-ṡrúṫ na g-claon,
Ḃuḋ tuilteaċ í ag brosdúġaḋ gráḋ-tíre na ḃ-Fian.

II.

Mo nuair d'a tír áluinn! tá a caiṫréim 'nn a luiḋe,
'S an croiḋe cróḋa briste, nár ḃ' féidir a ċlaoi.
Caiṫfiḋ éagcaoin a fíor-ṡlioċt ḃeiṫ faluiġte ó'n t-saoġal,
'Oir is bás-ḃreiṫ a cosaint, 's ní'l a cumann gan baoġal.
Tá a clann gan aon ċeannas, muna n-déanfaiḋ siad feall,
'S muna d-truailliġid a sinsear ag iompóġaḋ le Gall;
'S an trillsean tá ag lasaḋ sliġe céime gaċ lá,
Naċ sgiobṫar ó'n g-cárn é, ar a ḃ-fuil Eire d'a cráḋ!

III.

Ná tóg ar an ḃ-file do ḃeiṫ ag síor-déanaṁ rann,
'S an t-olc, naċ n-dán léiġeas, do díbreaḋ le greann:
Ḃiḋeaḋ aige aċt leus dóṫċuis, is lasfaiḋ go beó
A rosg tré ḃrat cúṁa mar an ġrian tré slám ceó:
Déanfaiḋ ioḋbairt do h-Éirinn de na beusaiḃ a ḃiḋeann
'Ga ṡeolaḋ ar mearḃall le fánaḋ a ċlaon,
'S le dlaoiġ na g-craoḃ glas a tá fiġte ar a ċeann,
Mar an Greug ag imirt díoġaltais, falóċaiḋ sé a lann.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

Air—Kitty Tyrrel.

I.

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bow'rs,
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours,
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of the patriot's heart!

II.

But, alas for his country!—her pride has gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

III.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Thro' the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down;
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodious, should cover his sword.

IV.

Aċt gíḋ gur ealuiġ do ṁór-ċéim mar aisling na h-oiḋċ',
Béiḋ d'ainm 'ga luaḋ ag an ḃ-file a ċoiḋċ';
An trá is mó suarcas ar a aigne le seun,
Béiḋ ag seinm go h-árd-ḃinn do leaṫtrom 's do leun:
Cluinfiḋ an coigríġeaċ do ġárṫa-ċroiḋe fíor',
Raċfaiḋ éagcaoin do ċláirsiġ ṫar muir a's ṫar tír;
'S do ṫiaġrnaiḋ, ag teannaḋ na slaḃraiḋe do d' ċlaoiḋ,
Silfiḋ deóra na truaiġe le teann ḃriste croiḋe.

Bíḋeaḋ Suan Ort, Ṡruṫ Ṁaoille.

Fonn—Arra, m' Eiḃlín ḋílis.

I.

Bíḋeaḋ suan ort, ṡruṫ Ṁaoille, tá borrṫa le dile,
Ná buaiḋreaḋ na síonta do ċiuin-tuile lán,
Tá ag éisdeaċt 's an oiḋċe le gol inġín' Lire
Ag éagcaoin na ngeasa d'ḟág í le fán.
Cá h-am ḃíos an ala ag foir-ċeann a draoiḋeaċta,
Cá h-am do cluinfear a h-eug-ċeól ar toinn?
Cá h-am do buailfear dam árd-ċloga riġeaċta
Na ḃ-flaiṫeas, do m' fáiltiuġaḋ ó'n t-saoġal so go binn?

II.

Ar do ṫoinn garḃ geiṁriḋ, monuair! béiḋ mo ċaointe
Ag fuaġraḋ mo ḋraoiḋeaċta tré na saoġalta, go buan,
Fad tá Éire faoi ċuiḃreaċ a geur-náṁad, sínte,
Ag feiṫeaḋ ar a n-uair le n-a dúsaċt ó suan:
Cá h-am éireóċas reult lonnraċ ag soillsiúġaḋ
Ar sáiṁ-inis Éireann lán-loċrann an lae?
Cá h-am do cluinfear ceól flaṫais ag foillsiuġaḋ,
Gur fáiltiġeaḋ Fionnaula go naoṁ-áras Dé?

IV.

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

SILENT, O MOYLE! BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER

Air—Arrah, my dear Eveleen.

I.

Silent, O Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes! your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the Swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

II.

Sadly, O Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our Isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

MAR AN NAOṀ-TEINE LASTA A G-CILL-DARA LAIĠEAN.

Fonn—Tá me 'mo ċoḋlad.

I.

Mar an naoṁ-teine lasta a g-Cill-dara Laiġean,
Gan múċaḋ tré bliaḋanta de ḋoineann ġeur, ġorg,
Tá an croiḋe ḃios lán fionta úr mar an t-eiḋean,
'S naċ g-cóṁnuiġeann 'na ḋiaiġ sin air, fuiġeall ḃróin, no lorg.
Éire! O Éire! mar súd tá go mór
Do spiorad ag briseaḋ tré sgáile na n-deór;
Éire! O Éire! mar súd tá go mór
Do spiorad aig briseaḋ tré sgáile na n-deór.

II.

Tá na ríġaċta d' éis claonaḋ ó árd ċríċ a réim',
Agus neulta na h-oiḋċe ag teaċt ar a g-cáil,
Tá Éire mar ġrian maiḋne ag éiriġe a g-céim,
'S ní ḃéiḋ aon t-slám d'a ġeur-ḃruid go gairid le fáġail.
Éire! O Éire! tá le saoġaltaiḃ faoi sgáṫ,
Nuair eulóċas a g-cliú-san, béiḋ do ċaiṫréim faoi ḃláṫ;
Éire! O Éire! tá le saoġaltaiḃ faoi sgáṫ,
Nuair eulóċas a g-cliú-san, béiḋ do ċaiṫréim faoi ḃláṫ.

III.

Biḋeann an uile feaḋ ġeiṁriḋ 'n a coḋlaḋ sa g-cré,
Gan meataḋ le bairteaċ, gan dúsaċt le sion,
Go n-éiriġiḋ arís le gaeṫiḃ an earraiġ,
D'fáġail ó ṫéagas na h-árd-ġréine fasgaḋ a's díon.
Éire! O Éire! tá do ġeiṁreaḋ faoi ḟuan,
'S an dóiġ, a ṁair beó tríd, béiḋ bláṫaṁail go buan;
Éire! O Éire! tá do ġeiṁreaḋ faoi ḟuan,
'S an dóiġ, a ṁair beó tríd, béiḋ bláṫaṁail go buan.

LIKE THE BRIGHT LAMP.

Air—Tha me mo hulla.

I.

Like the bright lamp that lay on Kildare's holy fane,
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
Erin, oh Erin! thus bright, through the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

II.

The nations have fallen, and thou still are young.
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set:
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

III.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flow'r.
Thus Erin, O Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

RÓS DÉIĠIONAĊ AN T-SAṀRAIḊ.

Fonn—Coillte Ḃlárna.

I.

Tá rós déiġionaċ an t-saṁraiḋ leis féin ar an g-craoḃ,
D'éis a ċoṁluċt na sgéiṁe ḃeiṫ eugta ar gaċ taoḃ:
Gan aon rós aṁáin gaolṁar, gan ḃláṫ, le ḃ-fuil dáiṁ,
Le lasaḋ, no osnaḋ ṫaḃairt ar ais dó, go sáiṁ.

II.

Ní ḟágfad leat féin ṫú lé meaḋaḋ ar an géig,
Gan do ṫeilgean a g-coḋlaḋ measg do ġaolta go h-eug:
'Náit a m-béiḋir fearda gaċ lá a's gaċ oiḋċ',
Leis na rósaiḃ gan ḃláṫ a's gan ḃalaḋ do luiḋe.

III.

Mar súd is dúal leanṁuin 'núair ċríonas an gráḋ,
'S 'nuair euluiġeas ó na seóidiḃ an sgéiṁ a's an ḃláṫ;
'Nuair a claoiḋtear na croiḋte scap suarcas a's seun,
Cia ḃeiḋeaḋ, mar aonránaċ, sa t-saoġal so leis féin.

BIḊEAḊ CUIṀNE AG ÉIRINN AR NA LAEṪIḂ DO ḂÍ.

Fonn—An Sionnaċ ruaḋ.

I.

Biḋeaḋ cuiṁne ag Éirinn ar na laeṫiḃ do ḃí,
Sul do ḃraiṫ a clann féin í le feill-ḃeart,
'Nuair ḃí ioḋ de 'n ór-ḃuiḋe ar Ṁaoilḟeaċlainn an ríġ,
Do ḃuaiḋ ó'n náiṁ ḃí uailleaċ a's all-neart:
'Nuair sgaoil a ríġte brat glas na Craoḃ-ruaiḋe
Ṫaḃairt a laoċra ċum caṫa go claonṁar,
Sul do facas seóid Éireann ag dealraḋ go nuaḋ
A g-cróin-ḟleasg an t-Sasanaiġ treunṁair.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Air—Groves of Blarney.

I.

'Tis the last rose of Summer, left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred, no rose-bud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes or give sigh for sigh.

II.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

III.

So soon may *I* follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Air—The Red Fox.

I.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
  Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
  Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings with standards of green unfurl'd,
  Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger,
Ere the em'rald gem of the western world
  Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

Trá ḃios ar Loċ Néaċa an t-iasgaire ag siúḃal
Le linn soluis lae ḃeiṫ ag faonaḋ,
Ċiḋeann sean-ċloigṫiġ síos, 'nuair ḃios go h-úṁal
Ar ḃruaċ na linne ag claonaḋ:
Mar súd, tré aisling beiḋmid ag fáġail
Lag-leus ar na laeṫiḃ tá a g-cianta,
'S go brónaċ ag dearcaḋ ar a n-glóir faoi sgáil
Tá báiṫte faoi ṫrom-ṫonna' bliaḋanta.

AR M' UĊT FÉIN GLAC SUAN.

Fonn—Loċ Silin.

I.

Mo ḋil eilit loite! ar m' uċt féin glac suan:
Giḋ gur euluiġ an treud uait, so d' áit ḋídin ḃuan;
So an smígeaḋ gan duḃċán*'gus searc-ċumann croíḋe,
'Gus láṁ le do ċosáint, le congḃail gan sgiṫ.

II.

An tear-gráḋ go maireaḋ sé seasṁaċ, naċ cóir
Tré ḃrón á's tré ġáirdeas, tré náire 's tré ġlóir?
Ní 'lim eólgaċ no imníḋeaċ, má táir ar ċoire saor,
Aċt tá's a'm, cia b'é tú, go ḃ-fuil mo ġráḋ ort-sa fíor.

III.

Do ġáir orm aingeal, tráṫ ḃí tú a seun,
Beiḋ mé mar aingeal, tráṫ tú ḃeiṫ faoi leun;
Ag leanṁuin do lorg, tré ġeur-ṫeinte teó,
Go do ċosaint 's do ċúṁdaċt, le mo ḃás no mo ḃeó.

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hchán = *dubhán;* this word is frequently used by the translator
se of darkness, or sadness.

II.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of Time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Air—Lough Sheeling.

I.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

II.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

III.

Thou has call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

Ní ḃ-ḟuil annsa g-cruinne aon ċumar, no gleann.

Fonn—Sean ceann Donaċa.

I.

Ni ḃ-fuil annsa g-cruinne aon ċumar no gleann
Mar an lag a ḃ-fuil có-sruṫ na dís' aḃann ann;
Is luaiṫe ḃéiḋeas éalaiġṫe uaim m' arrann 's mo ḃríġ,
'Na ċríonfas an gleann glas úd úr as mo ċroiḋe.

II.

Ní h-é an t-aṁarċ breáġ aoiḃinn ḃí sgarṫa ar gaċ taoḃ,
Ní h-é lonnair an ċriostail, ná úr-ḃláṫ na g-craoḃ;
Ní h-é coṁgáir na sroṫa mar eug-ċeól mná-síġe,
Aċt níḋ éigin níos dílse tá a n-doiṁneaċt an ċroíḋe:

III.

'Siad mo ċáirde do ċeangail mo ċumann 's mo ċlaon,
Do scap ar gaċ níḋ ann, sgéiṁ ḟásta na mian;
Oir ní'l aon níḋ d'a áille naċ méaduiġeann a ḃláṫ
D'a ḟeicsinn tré ṡúiliḃ ar a m-ḃíḋeann againn gráḋ.

IV.

A ġleann aoiḃinn caṫ-aḃna, buḋ ṡuaiṁneaċ mo ṡuan
Faoi ḟasgaḋ do ċaḃáin le mo ċara fíor-ḃuan,
N áit a mbéiḋmíd ó na síonṫaiḃ faoi ḋiḋean go sáṁ,
'S ár g-croiḋṫe mar do ċiúin-sroṫ', cóiṁeasgṫa lé dáiṁ.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Air—The Old Head of Denis.

I.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

II.

Yet it was *not* that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

III.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Giḋ so m' aṁarc déiġeanaċ ar Eirinn a ċaoiḋ'.

Fonn—An Cúilḟinn.

I.

Giḋ so m' aṁarc déiġeanaċ ar Eirinn a ċaoiḋ',
Ġeoḃfad Eire 'nn gaċ tír a m-béiḋ cuisle mo ċroiḋe ;
Béiḋ d' uċt mar teaċ díḋin, a ċéile mo ċlaon,
Is do rosg mar réalt-eóluis a ngeur-ḃruid a gcéin.

II.

Go cluain uaigneaċ ḟásaiġ, no cuan coiṁiḋeaċ gorg,
Ann naċ féidir lé'r náṁaid ár g-coiscéim do lorg,
Ealóċad lé mo Ċúilḟinn, 's ní aireóċaiḋ mé an sìon
Ċó geur leis an náṁaid tá d'ár n-díbirt as díon.

III.

Dearcfad ar ór-ḟolt tiuġ fáinneaċ do ċinn,
Is éisdfead le ceóltaiḃ do ċláirsiġe tá binn,
Gan eagla go mbainfiḋ an Sasanaċ teann
Aon teud as do ċruit, no aon dlaoiġ as do ċeann.

Buḋ luaċṁár tearc seóide na h-óig-ṁná sáiṁ'.

Fonn—Tá an Saṁraḋ teaċt.

I.

Buḋ lúaċṁar tearc seóide na h-óig-ṁná sáiṁ',
Agus fáinne de'n ór ar a fleasg ann a láiṁ;
Aċt buḋ lonnraiġe go fada a sgéiṁ is a bláṫ
'Ná an ór-ḟlat 's na seóide, d' a áille 's d' a ḃreáġ.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

Air—Coulin.

I.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

II.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind:—

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Air—The Summer is Coming.

I.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

II.

Naċ ionġnaḋ do'n ṁaiġdin, a d' fiafruiġ an saoi,
Ḃeiṫ siúḃal go h-aonaraċ a n-uaigneas na sliġe,
Ḃ-fuil suḃáilciḋe óig-fear na h-Eireann ċó mór,
'S naċ d-tnuṫfaḋ go truailliḋ lé aindir no ór?

III.

Do freagair, ní'l eagla ná buaiḋirt ar mo ċroiḋe,
Ní ḋéanfaiḋ Clann Eireann dam doċar ná diṫ;
Gíḋ claónṁar ar ḋeise iad 's ar feóidiḃ go leór,
Is annsa leó coinġioll a's cáiḋe go mór.

IV.

Lé smigeaḋ lasta ó ionracas croiḋe,
Ṡiúḃail an óig-ḃean go muiniġneaċ iomlán na críċ';
Is beannaċt do'n tí, ag a raiḃ dóṫċus ar cáil
Na ḃ-flaṫa saoi-ḃeusaċ, feara fíor' Inse-fáil.

TRÁṪ DO'N TÉ TÁ ḊUIT TAḂ'RṪA NAĊ M-BÉIḊ 'GA LUAḊ.

Fonn—Coḋlaḋ an t-Sionnaiġ.

I.

Tráṫ do'n té tá ḋuit taḃ'rṫa naċ m-béiḋ 'ga luaḋ,
Aċt a loċta 'gus aṁgar ro ġeur,
A n-guilfir, tráṫ béiḋ siad a' duḃċan glan-ṫúaḋ
An té, ḋuit-se tá sínte faoi an ḃ-feur?
Guil 's ciḋ is trom, réir do naṁad do ċáin,
Ḃeiḋ a ḃfógraḋ 'ga niġeaḋ le do ḋeór;
Oir is cinte, cíḋ ḋóiḃ-san ḃiḋeas ciontaċ aṁáin,
Go raiḃ duit-se mé dílis go leór.

II.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

III.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For, though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more."

IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

Air—The Fox's Sleep.

I.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
  Of his fault and his sorrow behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
  Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn,
  Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heav'n can witness, though guilty to them,
  I have been but too faithful to thee!

II.

Ḃuḋ ortsa ḃí briongloide óg' díl', mo ḃíṫ,
'S buḋ ort m' eagna ag meaṁraḋ go sior;
'S an orṫa as deireanaiġe raċfas súas ó mo ċroíḋe,
Ḃéiḋ ár n' ainmne coṁeasgṫa go fior.
O 's aoiḃin do ċardaiḃ ḟanas beó ar an t-saoġal,
Feicsin laeṫe do ġlóir' is mór ċáil;
Na ḋéiġ sin ní'l beannaċt ċó gar dó, a ngaol,
Le bás ar son d' árd-réime d' ḟáġail.

AN ĊRUIT DO SCAP TRÉ ṪALLAIḊ 'N RIĠ.

Fonn—Máire a Stóir.

I.

An ċruit do scap tré ṫallaiḋ 'n riġ
Na gaeṫe ceólta binn',
Tá 'r ḃalla Teaṁra 'nois 'nn a luiḋe
Gan féarsa ceóil, no rinn:
Mar súd tá'n t-am ċuaiḋ ṫart, faoi ċeó,
Tá 'ċáil, 's a ċliú faoi ṡuan;
Is croiḋṫe ṡantuiġ molta teó,
Ní airiġeann iad go buan.

II.

Ní cluintear cruit na Teaṁra tréin'
Measg cruinniúġaḋ ban no saoi,
'Oir fuasgrann í ḃeiṫ feaċda faon,
Fuaim briste teud sa n-oiḋċ'.
Mar súd do'n t-saoirse, 's anaṁ trá
A dúsgṫar í go deó,
Aċt 'nuair a mbriseann croiḋe 'g a ċráḋ,
Ag foillsiúġaḋ í ḃeiṫ beó.

II.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALL.

Air—Gramochree.

I.

The Harp that once, thro' Tara's halls,
The soul of Music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled:—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

II.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

EIRE, TÁ DEÓRA 'GUS SMIGEAḊ DO ṠÚL.

Fonn—Eilín a Rúin.

I.

Eire, tá deóra 'gus smigeaḋ do ṡúl
Mar an bóġa-uisge cumṫar ar meargaḋ na n-dúl,
Lonnraċ tré ċaise deór,
Brónaċ lar sians' go leór,
Tá do ġrianta fá ḋúḃán mór
Ag éiriġe gaċ lá.

II.

Eire, ní tiormóċar do ċiúin-deór go deó;
Eire, ní buan ḃeiḋeas do lag-ġáire beó,
Go raiḃ gaċ daṫ fá réir,
A n-aoinḟeaċt le cur go léir,
'Sag déanaṁ mar ṫuar na spéir'
Bóġa síoṫċáin gaċ tráṫ.

NÁ COGARAIḊ AṀÁIN AINM.

Fonn—An Cailín Donn.

I.

Ná cogaraiḋ aṁáin ainm, aċt codlaḋ sé faoi sgáṫ
'S an g-cré fuair 'n ar cuireaḋ é go h-uaigneaċ ann a ḃláṫ:
Agus tiuġ, tuirseaċ, trom biḋeaḋ deóra ár súl,
Mar ḋrúċd na h-oiḋċe tuiteas ar neultaiḃ na n-dúl.

II.

An drúċd úr do ṫuiteas go ciuin agus go fras,
Coingéoḃaiḋ sé an uaiṁ ann a g-codlann sé, síor-glas,
'Gus na deóra do siltear le uaigneas na h-oiḋċ',
Cuṁdóċaiḋ siad a ċúṁa úr ann ár g-croiḋe.

ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Air—Aileen Aroon.

I.

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies;
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Sadd'ning through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

II.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Air—The Brown Maid.

I.

Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid!
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

II.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Do ġuilfinn muinín ṁealtaċ.

I.

Do ġuilfinn muinín ṁealtaċ
  Dá dtréigfeá-sa mé, a ġráḋ,
Do ċaoinfinn cáirde feallteaċ'
  Dá bfeallfá-sa orm san tráṫ;
Aċt fad a's tá do ḃláṫ-ḋearc
  Ag soillsiuġaḋ ar mo ṡliġe go buan,
Ní ḃeiḋ brón orm, a ċéad-ṡearc,
  Naċ cuirfiḋ tú go síor faoi ṡuan.

II.

Ní'l ins an t-saoġal go h-uile
  Mo ċráḋ, agus tú ḃeiṫ liom;
Atá aoiḃneas gan oile,
  'S gan rún leat 'nna ḃuaiḋreaḋ trom;
B'ḟeárr an aisling 's breugaiġe,
  'S mé smuaineaḋ ort, a ṡearc mo ċroiḋe,
'Ná 'n subaċas 's mó 's is aeriġe,
  'S mé fad uaiṫse le mo ḃiṫ.

III.

Giḋ gur feall na geallta
  Do ċealg sinn le cluain a's breug,
'S gur tuar dúinn ḃeiṫ meallta
  Bheiṫ a tnúṫ leó 'rís go h-eug.
Beiḋ solus ins an duḃċán
  Ag treóruġaḋ m' aisdoir feasda ċaoiḋ',
Mar tá 'n intleaċt stiġ naċ múċann,
  A's leus do ḟúla ar ár dtiġ.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

Air—The Rose Tree

I.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
  If *thy* smiles had left me too;
I'd weep, when friends deceive me,
  If *thou* wert, like them, untrue.
But, while I've thee before me,
  With heart so warm and eye so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me
  That smile turns them all to light!

II.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
  While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
  Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee,
  Were worth a long and endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
  My own love, my only dear!

III.

And though the hope be gone, love,
  That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
  More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
  Along the path I've yet to roam—
The mind that burns within me,
  And pure smiles from thee at home.

IV.

D'éis an t-soluis do ḃeiṫ múċta
  Do ṫreóruiġ é ṫríd ár sliġe,
Tig eagla ar ḟear siúḃalta
  Ag forsuġaḋ bealaiġ lár na h-oiḋċ';
Aċt fós le loċrann reulta
  Is lonnraċ seasṁaċ feasd' a siúḃal,
Oir ní'l leus ag dealraḋ neultaḋ
  Mar leus a ṫig ó Ríġ na nDúl.

'SNAĊ ḂFAĠMUID Ó ĊRUINNIUĠAḊ MAR SO CIUTUĠAḊ LÁN?

I.

'Snaċ ḃfaġmuid ó ċruinniuġaḋ mar so ciutuġaḋ lán
  Ar son na mbliaḋanta measg coigriġ' do ḃí,
'S cáirde aimsir' na h-óige ó'r euluiġeas le fán,
  Mo ṫimċeall ċóṁ suairc a's ḃí 'n uair sin mo ċriḋe?
Giḋ foillsiġeann ár málaiḋ lorg sneaċta na h-aoise,
  Mar na h-Alpa ar síneann dul síos di, an ġrian;
Aċt fós beiḋmid euduiġte le óg rós na baoise,
  Tráṫ sinn do ḃeiṫ lasta san ḃfléiḋ so le fion.

IV.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

Air—Unknown.

I.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of Time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sun-set, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's roses again.

II.

Naċ moṫuġaṁuil na cuiṁniḋe tig orrainn le linn
Ár gcáirde 'rís feicsin 'sa ḃeiṫ eisteaċt a nguṫ,
'S gaċ brón a's gaċ gáirdeas ann a raiḃ acu roinn
A gcruinniuġaḋ mar ṫairiḃ an lae re go tiug?
Mar litriḃ neaṁ leurgaċ' do léiġtear sa tráṫ
'Mbíd na duilleóg' ar agaiḋ na lasraċ teó,
Is iomḋa moṫuġaḋ nar crioċnuiġ' beir téagar a's gráḋ
Faoi ṫéagraċ mar so 'maċ, go soilseaċ 's go beó.

III.

Mar so tráṫ dúinn ṡineaḋ ár seólta go cuiṁneaċ
Chum árais ár n-óige tré ṁuir ḃuarṫa ár mbiṫ,
Chiḋmid ag breaṫnuġaḋ tré na tonntaiḃ go suiṁneaċ
Mórán dóċus long-ḃriste ṡíos sínte 'na luiḋe.
Aċt fós, le linn dearcaḋ ar ḋeise na mbláṫ
Sgeiṫ sgéiṁ áluinn garḋa tré iomlán an ċuain,
Ḃiḋeann feaḋ geárr aimsir' ár gcéadfaiḋ faoi sgáṫ,
'S tig aoiḃneas na h-óige tré aisling ár suain.

IV.

Aċt is aṁlaiḋ; is mó'r ḃfáilte 's ár mbeannaċt le linn
Cuairt' anaṁ an t-siansa ag tógáil ár gcriḋe
Euluiġeas tráṫ sgaram' as tiġ tráṫ biḋeam' crúinn,
Mar na teas-eunlaiḋ ag eitioll ag an geiṁreaḋ ċur faoi
'Nois sul fá n-ólam', tugaḋ searc cumann geall
'Cur ṫart na cuaiċe 's a breiṫ láṁ ar láiṁ;
Chóṁ luaṫ 's ionnsóċas gáirdeas no doḃrón aon ḃall,
Go gcriṫiḋ leis iomlán an t-slaḃraiḋ le dáiṁ! *

* *Daimh*, friendliness.

II.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
  In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
  Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand had invisibly trac'd,
  When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,
  The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

III.

And thus, as in memory's barque, we shall glide
  To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
  The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers
  That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
  And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

IV.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
  The more we should welcome and bless them the more,
They're ours, when we meet,—they are lost when we part,
  Like birds that bring summer and fly when 'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
  Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
  Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

TRÉ INIS-FÁIL.

I.

Tré Inis-Fáil
Ag rinceaḋ 'nḋáil
Tráṫ ġluais gráḋ a's gaisge,
Gur siġ grinn ġéir
Siuḃal leó sa ḃfeur
'Sgeiṫ gaeṫe ó n-a ṫaisge.
Ar feaḋ na sliġe
Tig feur tri-dlaoiġe
Faoi ḋruċta dealra falcuiġṫe,
'Gur é ċóṁ glas
Le smaróg deas
Tré scaṫan crísdoil calcuiġṫe.
O an t-Seamróg; tá glas, fíorḃuan an t-Seamróg;
De ḋuilleóig sgáiṫ
Ag file 's flaiṫ,
Fás Eire' aṁáin, an t-Seamróg!

II.

Chóṁ dílis fíor
Bioḋ teann go síor
An ċuing an lá ud 'ceangail,
'S ar eite an ġaiṫ
Nar tuiteaḋ dáṫ
An domblais nó a saṁail!
Glanaḋ go h-eug
An gráḋ dris breug
O'n gort atá faoi 'n a ṁaorsaċt;
'S ná tógtar go deó
A ḃrat sa ngleó,—
Gaisge 'n aġaiḋ saorsaċt':
O an t-Seamróg; tá glas fíorḃuan an t-Seamróg;
De ḋuilleóig sgáiṫ
Ag file 's fláiṫ,
Fás Eire' aṁáin, an t-Seamróg!

OH THE SHAMROCK!

Air—Alley Croker.

I.

Thro' Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,
As softly green
As em'ralds seen,
Thro' purest crystal gleaming!
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

II.

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AḂRÁN INSE FÁIL.

I.

Do ṫáinic ó ċriċ taoḃ ṫal de'n ḟráig,
'Gur trid an muir ṡiar go beó,
Sgaoil a gcuid seólta breáġ o'n tráiġ
Chum talṁan na Spáine teó.
"O cá ḃfuil an Inis, crioċ ár sliġe,
Do facas dúinn a dtáṁ?"
Do ṡein ar maidin tráṫ ḃí cóir ġaoṫ
'G a seólaḋ trid an snáṁ.

II.

'Gur feuċ! fad uainn ar ḃár na dtonn
Ḃfuil loċrann soilseaċ glas,
Aṁail 'soá sinfiḋe faoi 'na mbun
Smaragad soilseaċ deas;
"'Si Inis Fáil, 'si Inis Fáil,"
Seineaḋ ó'n muir gò binn,
"A gcóṁnuiġeann saor a's treun réir cáil'"
Freagraḋ a rís ó'n toinn.

III.

'Noir tug siad ċum na soir-ṁuir, searc,
Raiḃ rosg a ndé an lae
Teilgean go grianṁar orra, dearc*
'Sgeiṫ ar aeir 's ar uisg' a rae.
Aċt ní raiḃ deór ar dúil ná fód,
Ná ar ṁuir ná aeir aon sgáil,
Tráṫ ṫóg ár sinnsear 'nuas a scód†
Ar ċuan na h-Inse Fáil.

* *Dearc*, an eye, a look. † *Scód*, a sail or cloth.

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

(They came from a land beyond the sea.)

Air—Peggy Bawn.

I.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
  And now o'er the western main,
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
  From the sunny land of Spain.
"Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
  Our destin'd home or grave?"—
Thus sang they, as by the morning's beams
  They boom'd o'er the Atlantic wave.

II.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
  A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
  Whose light thro' the wave was seen.
"'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!"
  Rings o'er the echoing sea,
While, bending to heav'n the warriors hail
  That home of the brave and free.

III.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
  Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
  As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through air or sea,
  Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
  Our great forefathers trod.

APPENDIX.

The following song, one of the most beautiful of the "Melodies," was not translated by Archbishop MacHale, at least it is not to be found in any edition of his Irish translations of the "Melodies." The translation given below is by the well-known Gaelic poet, "Pátraic;" and it can be safely said that a finer translation of an English poem into Irish has very seldom been made :—

CREID MÉ DÁ N-EUGFAḊ SNAS ÁLUINN DO ĠNE.

(Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.)

I.

O creid mé dá n-eugfaḋ snas áluinn do ġné
Tá cur aoiḃnis a ndiú ar mo ṡúil,
No ag teaċt an lae máraiġ dá n-eulóċaḋ sé
Mar ċúṁaiḃ sige crionaḋ ar siúḃal,
Ḃeiḋteá aḋruiġte fós mar i móimeint do ġlóir',
Gan do sgiaṁaċt níos faide ḃeiṫ beó,
Agus timċeall na sgriosta ḃeiḋeaḋ smuainte do stóir
Mar an t-aiġneán glas, casta go deó.

II.

Ní ċóṁ ḟad a's tá bláṫ bog na sgéiṁe ort féin,
'Gus do leaca neiṁniġte le deór
Mairfiḋ teas agus dilseaċt in m'anam go treun,
Aċt in d'aois béiḋid níos teóṫa go mór;
Oir an croiḋe úd a ġráḋuiġ in óige go fior,
Ḃéiḋ a ġráḋ-san níos buaine i mbrón,
Mar an sgoṫ-gréine ṫugas d'á dia 'san iar
An radarc ceudna do ṫug sé ag nóin!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Air—My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.

I.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts, fading away,—
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

II.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

"'Twas one of those Dreams" is the name Moore has given to the following melody. I was asked by an eminent lady vocalist of Dublin to put Irish words to it, as she said that the metre of Moore's English words and of Archbishop MacHale's Irish ones did not suit the setting of the song as it is now generally sung and played. I have to apologise for daring to put words to a song that has been touched by the genius of Moore. It is, however, very

strange that Moore did not see that of all ancient Irish melodies the "Song of the Woods" is most essentially a nature song, and was evidently inspired by the sigh of the wind among trees:—

AḂRÁN NA G-COILLTEAḊ.

(Song of the Woods.)

I.

Ar fasaċ féir, sinn sgoṫ a's bláṫ
  Seinimid aḃrán binn;
'San uair ṫig gaoṫ san oiḋċ' no lá
  'Siad molta ċánas sinn;
'San uair 'na gcluintear anfa mór
  Ag lúbaḋ geug na gcrann,
Molamaoid leis, an Cruṫuiġṫeóir
  Mar aon 's le séideaḋ fann.

II.

A saṁraḋ sáṁ 'sa ngeiṁreaḋ lom
  Seinimid aon aḃrán,
'S molamaoid an Té do ċum
  Sinn féin 's an doṁan iomlán,—
Ard Tiġearna agus ríġ na ndúl
  Rinn' crann a's bláṫ araon,
A's cuirimíd a ġlór a n-iúl
  Le breáġaċd ár sgéiṁe féin.

III.

Cluintear fós a mears ár ngeug
  Fuama naċ déan an ġaoṫ,
'Siad ceólta binne míle n-eun
  An fáilṫiuġaḋ fáinn' an lae;
'S ní'l cluain mears ár mbileaḋ gcam
  Naċ lán de sgoṫaiḃ fíor',
A's aontuiġid linn, gaċ uair a's am
  Ag molaḋ Dé go síor.

—T. O. Ruiséal.

SONG OF THE WOODS.

Translation.

I.

We sing from leafy aisles a song,
  A murmuring song of praise;
'Tis wafted by the winds along
  In the bright sun's glowing rays;
And when winter tempests sweep
  Thro' our leafless branches bare,
When the storms wail loud and deep,
  We bow 'neath the blast in prayer.

II.

In summer bright and winter drear
  The selfsame song we sing;
'Tis a song of praise—no wail of fear—
  That we pour forth to our King,
The Lord of woods and seas,
  Who makes our green leaflets grow,
Whose praise sing in the passing breeze,
  And whose wondrous works we show.

III.

And other songs than of the wind
  Thro' our bending boughs are borne,
For birds of every woodland kind
  Chaunt hymns of praise each morn;
And flowers that lowly bloom—
  Bright gems of the grassy sod—
Fill our green glades with sweet perfume,
  And join us in praise of God.

—T. O. Russell.

The two following songs, "The Little Red Lark," and "My Bonny Cuckoo," are among the most beautiful of old Irish airs. The original Irish words of both have been lost. A musician asked the editor to put Irish words to them :—

An Fhuiseóigín Dhearg.

(The Little Red Lark.)

I.

A ċeóltóir an lae óig
Ag éirġe ó'n g-créafóig
  Le fíor ḟáilte roiṁ an gréin,—
A Fhuiseóg níos binne
Ná eun ins a' g-cruinne,
  Líonas an spéir ġeal le seun!
A ḟáiltiġteóir ma'ine
Le sgórnaċ níos láine
  Ná cláirsiġ bárd le ceól,—
Mo rún geal tar eun tú,
Mo sgiaṫ ar leun tú,
  Le h-aḃránaiḃ binn' do ḃeóil!

II.

A Fhuiseóigín dearg
Os do nead ar an learg
  Cán ḋúinn do ċeól go deó;
Os cionn na gaṫ-gréine,
Measg neultaḋ deun é,
  'S líon sinn go léir le sóġ.
Go mairiḋ tú ċoiḋċe,
Go sonaiḋ na saoiṫe
  Molaḋ do ċeóil a ndán,
'Sgo seiniḋ tú ḋúinn é,
Go h-árd a's go buan é
  As ceart lár na neultaḋ bán!

—T. O. Ruiséal.

THE LITTLE RED LARK.

(Translation.)

I.

O minstrel of morning,
Thy lowly home scorning
To welcome the rising day—
O sweet is thy singing,
'Neath heaven's gate ringing
Out joy in thy gladsome lay.
O greeter of brightness,
With song full of lightness,
No harp of the tuneful throng
Pours lays like thy pouring
In the firmament soaring,
In rapture of love and song.

II.

O'er thy home in the flowers
Where thy tender mate cowers,
Sing us thy bridal lay;
Thro' the bright sunbeams gliding,
In the fleecy cloud hiding,
Make sad souls of mortals, gay.
May thy lay last for ever,
May soulful ones never
Miss music from the sky;
Long, long may'st thou sing it,
And from sunny air ring it,
Enthroned in bright clouds on high!

—T. O. Russell.

mo chuach mhaiseach.

(My Bonny Cuckoo.)

Translation of Bunting's English.

I.

Mo Chúaċ ḋil ḃinn táir fáilteaċ linn,
'S tré ċoilltiḃ a's bláṫ' leat beiḋ mé san lá
Go dtiocfaiḋ na sgoṫ', 'sgo seinfir leó,
Agus seinfiḋ mo Chuaċ a rís go deó
Cucú, cucú,—go dtiocfaiḋ na sgoṫ',
Agus seinfiḋ mo Chuaċ a rís go deó.

II.

Coṁarṫa saṁraiḋ a's bláṫ ṫú, araon,
Ar cúart dúinn anois ó ṫíriḃ imċéin';
Tá sgoṫa na ngleann a's coillte na mbeann
Lán luaṫġáire móire ar fud an doṁain
'Nuair ċluinid do ġuṫ, a éinín is mó
Ḃeirear do ċrannaiḃ a's coilltiḃ, sóġ.

III.

Ḋeirfiḋ na crainn a's deirfiḋ na bláṫ',
A Chuaiċín ḃinn, ná fág sinn go bráṫ,—
Fan linn annso 's deun saṁraḋ go deó;—
Ní sgarfair linn, aċt fanfair go binn,—
Fan linn a g-cóṁnuiḋe 's deun saṁraḋ go deó,
Fan linn a g-cóṁnuiḋe 's deun saṁraḋ go deó!

—T. O. Ruiséal.

MY BONNY CUCKOO.

I.

My bonny Cuckoo, I tell thee true,
That thro' the groves I'll rove with you;
I'll rove with you until the next spring,
And then my Cuckoo will sweetly sing
Cuckoo! cuckoo, until the next spring,
And then my Cuckoo will sweetly sing.

II.

Sign of summer and flowers art thou,
And from far-off lands we welcome thee now.
The blossoms in glen and on mountain high,
Are filled with joy when they know thou'rt nigh;
They love thy song, sweet bird of spring,
For sunshine and softness follow thy wing.

III.

The ash and the hazel shall mourning say,
"O, bonny Cuckoo, don't go away;
Don't go away, but tarry here,
And make the season last all the year;
Stay with us ever, O winged one, dear,
And make the summer last all the year!"

—BUNTING.

Mo Chuach Mhaiseach.

(My Bonny Cuckoo.)

Translation of Bunting's English.

I.

Mo Chúaċ ḋil ḃinn táir fáilteaċ linn,
'S tré ċoilltiḃ a's bláṫ' leat beiḋ mé san lá
Go dtiocfaiḋ na sgoṫ', 'sgo seinfir leó,
Agus seinfiḋ mo Chuaċ a rís go beó
Cucú, cucú,—go dtiocfaiḋ na sgoṫ',
Agus seinfiḋ mo Chuaċ a rís go beó.

II.

Coṁarṫa saṁraiḋ a's bláṫ tú, araon,
Ar cúart dúinn anois ó ṫíriḃ imċéin';
Tá sgoṫa na ngleann a's coillte na mbeann
Lán luaṫġáire móire ar fud an doṁain
'Nuair ċluinid do ġuṫ, a éi [illegible] mó
Bheirear do ċrannaiḃ a' [illegible], róġ.

Deirfiḋ na crain [illegible] ó n [illegible]
A Chuaiċín binn [illegible]
Fan linn ann [illegible]
Ní sgarfair [illegible]
Fan linn a [illegible]
Fan linn [illegible]

MY BONNY CUCKOO.

I.

My bonny Cuckoo, I tell thee true,
That thro' the groves I'll rove with you;
I'll rove with you until the next spring,
And then my Cuckoo will sweetly sing
Cuckoo! cuckoo, until the next spring,
And then my Cuckoo will sweetly sing.

II.

Sign of summer and flowers art thou,
And from far-off lands we welcome thee now.
The blossoms in glen and on mountain high,
Are [illegible] h joy when they know thou'rt nigh;
Th [illegible] sweet bird of spring,
F [illegible] ness follow thy wing.

III.

[illegible] l shall mourning say,
[illegible] don't go away;
[illegible] tarry here,
[illegible] on last all the year;
[illegible] O winged one, dear,
[illegible] nmer last all the year!"

—

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